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Select Poetry.

In the Right be Strong.

Go boldly forth, and fear no ill,
When fierce oppressors rise;
Let mental strength, abounding still,
Such puny foes despise.
Though stung with many a bitter word
And persecuted long,
Yet let them pass as if unheard,
And in the right be strong!

The noblest causes ever known
Have met with scoff and jeer—
The brave, though journeying alone,
Should never yield to fear!
Go onward—up the rugged steep,
Beyond the lagging throng;
Thy own heart will then be strong!

Although grown weary, strive not less,
No duty leave undone;
Soon will oppressors cease to bless
The deeds thy daring won.
The strife once over, then will earth
Send forth her sweetest song,
To laud and bless the noble worth
That in the right was strong!

Have faith—have courage—never fear,
The promise is in sight;
The lamp of Truth is shining clear,
To banish Error's right.
Though trials gather thick and fast,
And all the world be wrong,
Onward, still onward to the last,
And in the right be strong!

Select Miscellany.

Beloved, Betrothed, Betrayed.

"Come, Charles, if you design giving me an introduction to Miss Legare this evening, I want you to do so quickly. This thing of making the acquaintance of one who possesses so much of that beauty of character, so well calculated to adorn a woman, as you represent this lady, I look upon rather as embarrassing. One so rough and unhewn in his manners as myself, will hardly prove an interesting associate. But as you have promised her and myself that we should become known to each other, let us attend to it."

"Stop, stop, Harry," replied the one he addressed, "I will go cheerfully, and will go now, since you seem from your conversation, to be forming a resolution not to go. One word, however, in regard to Miss Legare. As I have before told you, she is handsome, intelligent and accomplished. She possesses a disposition, which I know you will concur with me in saying, is amiable, when once you see her. As for yourself you need not be uneasy in regard to that, I have already revealed to Miss Legare who you are and what you are. However, that is neither here nor there; so come along and you shall see her."

And away they went. Taking advantage of their absence, gentle reader, we will take the liberty of learning something of the character so unceremoniously introduced to you.

Charles Clarence, then, was a young man of rare endowments. He possessed a mind fully competent to embrace within its scope the most intricate subjects. His father being possessed of a liberal fortune, was not sparing in his efforts to enrich Charles' mind with learning. He was accordingly sent to one of the first colleges, where, after years of toil and study, he had received a diploma, and returned to his home for the purpose of entering upon the practice of medicine.

Harry Huger, although of fine and well cultivated mind, of noble and generous disposition, did not possess those pecuniary advantages with which his friend was blessed. He was of poor parentage, and his education was necessarily limited. His father had placed in his hands a good trade, which in its proper use, promised Harry a fortune. He had, indeed, commenced business, and his prepossessing manner and gentleness of disposition soon brought to his side a host of friends. Harry lived a day's journey from the spot where our story begins, and which was, in fact, the residence of Charles. He was called thrice to visit an aunt, and soon became acquainted with Charles. It was not long after these two spirits met, that a friendship, firm and lasting, was formed. The place in which these persons were introduced to the reader was at the office of Charles, in a beautiful little village, situated upon the margin of the Shenandoah, which winds its way through the Valley of Virginia. In the course of their conversation, Charles had frequently spoken to Harry of a young lady of his acquaintance, and finally determined to give him an introduction to her.

Having thus briefly described our hero, and the location of the events we design relating, we go on to finish our story. Harry was introduced to Miss Legare; and soon, almost imperceptibly to himself, was the silken cord entwined around his heart. In short, he found, as he said himself, "she was all his fancy had painted her." He was not slow to reveal to her his emotions, for he was ardent in his temperament, and was happy to learn from herself that this regard was reciprocated. It is needless to traverse the pathway that every lover was trod before he reaches the fatal point where the fatal question is propounded and the assent given. It is enough to say that he proposed and was accepted. Detained beyond the time he had allotted himself, he set out at last, happy to believe that he had wooed and won just such a lady as was every way calculated to make him happy.

And now, reader, allow us to take advantage of the absence of our hero again and present to your view, another actor in the scene we are describing. Richard Claxton was bold, impetuous and unrestrained in his disposition.—Although there was much in him to admire, yet he had failed to nourish the best traits of the heart and fed those which rendered him less prepossessing. For years he had indulged a most violent affection for Ellen Legare, and when he revealed to her his love, and learned that she could not, did not love him, he gave way to the violence of his rage, and resolved in his heart, that if she would not be his, she should not be another's. He was an observer of every event in which Ellen was concerned, and it was not long ere he ascertained that Harry Huger and Ellen were betrothed. How to defeat their union became the burden of his studies.

Harry Huger had been at home but a short time, when, as he promised her on bidding her adieu, he wrote to Ellen.—Oh, how much pleasure did he anticipate in the perusal of her answer. A month had elapsed, and he had as yet received no response. Fearing that possibly his letter might have been miscarried, he wrote again, pressing her at the same time, to give him an immediate answer. But again he was doomed to disappointment. Weeks passed, and no answer come. The feelings of Harry may better be imagined than described, as thus his bosom was wounded repeatedly by these disappointments. What were the emotions of Miss Legare?—Had she indeed learned so soon to shake off all kind remembrances of Harry?—Had she so soon repented of her solemn vow to be his? No, no: If Harry was unhappy at the saddening appearance of things, she was thrice unhappy at his neglect in not writing to her sooner. In heart she wondered why Harry had not written to her, and she was sad, and the more so, on account of a rumor, which Richard Claxton had communicated to her, that Harry was engaged to be married to a lady of his own village. But she hoped on, determined not to harbor a thought of his inconstancy. Weeks wore away, and soon the eye of the fond parents detected the fact that sorrow had seated itself upon her brow. With honest heart she told them all—conjuring them, at the same time, not to reproach Harry. But, they knew less of him than she, and her father became angry. Little did they dream that the cause of their child's sorrow was lurking in the midst, in the form of Richard Claxton. It was nevertheless true. He had, himself, intercepted Harry's letters to Ellen.

Sick at heart, and wearied with disappointment, Harry determined to visit Ellen, and learn from her own lips the cause of her strange conduct. It would be difficult to describe the thousand and one emotions which, like lightning, flashed across the mind of Harry, as he wended his way to the place he had recently left happy. Often would he catch the tears trickling down his cheek, as he trod along; but mustering his moral powers, he would resolve not to be so maidenly. It was near the close of the day when he arrived at his destined point. Hardly waiting to take refreshments, he hastened to see her to whom he was betrothed. With a trembling hand he knocked at the door of the house which contained the one he so much loved; and with an agitated bosom he awaited her appearance. A servant soon presented himself, who, in reply to Harry's inquiry, informed him that Miss Ellen was not at home. For a moment Harry was staggered—he thought he would fall; but enlisting all his energies, he maintained his position. In another moment his back was turned upon the mansion of Ellen, while in his heart was formed the purpose, which should serve, canker-worm like, to eat up all the enjoyments he had hoped to find on earth a purpose never again to see her. So soon as he arrived at the hotel, he seated himself and penned the following note. He did not think himself rash—he felt sure, and the more he thought of it the more he was convinced, that enough had been done to dry up the fountain of affection, which once run so freely for Ellen Legare:

"———, May 10.——.

Miss Legare:—Much as I deprecate intruding upon your time and attention, I cannot forego the temptation to say to you, that while you have found it so easy to persuade yourself to trifle with my feelings, and wound the tenderest sensibilities of my nature, I fear a day of retribution will yet arrive. I release you from your engagement, as doubtless you feel yourself absolved by your own conduct. Farewell, forever.

HARRY HUGER."

Ere the rays of the next day's sun illumined the mountain-top, Harry had despatched this note to Ellen, and was on his journey home. It was a dark hour to Ellen when she received this note. Sad was her heart indeed. When first she heard that Harry was in town she was happy, as she anticipated an explanation to his seeming unkindness.—Ill, indeed, was she prepared to receive such a letter. When the messenger handed her the letter, she was playing careless with Harry's miniature, which she had constantly carried with her, since their betrothal. In a moment the seal was broken and the contents read. For an instant she was blind with anguish—her hands fell powerlessly at her side, and she would have fallen, had not her mother caught her in her arms.—And shall we dwell upon the scene presented here? Shall we describe the inexpressible agony Ellen endured that day, as she lay almost unconscious, upon her couch? Oh! shall we portray the heavings of her bosom, as it swelled with emotions which threatened to break her heart? Shall we tell of the desolation of the once happy heart of Ellen Legare? Shall we picture the gloom of her heart as the last ray of hope fled? No, no! Let the veil conceal the scene.

Harry returned to his home, resolved never again to confide in woman, and to strive to forget, partially at least, one whom he believed had so basely deceived him. That he might better succeed, he determined to settle up his business, and leave forever the scenes of his childhood.

Time rolled on, and the canker-worm was faithful in its workings upon the lovely Ellen Legare. The deep, untold anguish of her heart soon imprinted, in legible characters, upon the form of that fair girl, the sorrows within. The rose upon her cheek had faded—the fire had left her eye—the cheerful look which beamed from her countenance had fled, and all without that lovely one, showed plainly the wreck within. None, save her parents, knew why this change had taken place in Ellen; and all but them supposed it to be the silent workings of disease. Of all this, Harry was ignorant, for he acted and spoke as though he never knew her—he never breathed her name.

The summer waned—autumn passed—the snows of winter fell and melted, and spring in her beauty appeared. It was a calm and pleasant morning in May that Harry set out, dictated by his friendship for Charles Clarence, to bid him adieu, prior to his leaving him, no more to see him in the flesh. As Harry rode along, he was moved at the songs of the spring birds as merily they chanted their innocent lays. All, all, thought he, seems happy, and I am not. Why? And that single monosylable brought to his mind the scenes which had been enacted upon the very spot he was so soon again to tread upon. Gladly would he have turned his horse's head and foregone an adieu to his friends; but a monitor within whispered to him to proceed.

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It was an evening in May. It was a calm evening—not a breeze disturbed the rich foliage of the trees. Oh! there was enough to be seen, above, beneath, around, to fill the heart of the creature with gratitude, sincere and deep, as he contemplated the works of the Creator. The last rays of the setting sun were gliding the Western horizon. On such an evening as we have described, a party of some half dozen girls were entering a boat to take a pleasure ride upon the bosom of the Shenandoah.

"I declare, Mary, we should have brought a beau or two, at least, with us to row the boat," said one of the party.

"Yes," said another, "I am almost afraid to go without a gentleman to guide the boat."

"Fie, fie upon your cowardice, girls," replied a bright-eyed fair one, "a beau with us to-day would only be in the way. Have I not many a time steered this little bark? Come, Ellen, get in, and then merrily o'er the sea shall we glide, light-hearted and free." The one addressed entered the boat, and being seated, after a few strokes of the paddle, the light bark was soon in the middle of the stream.

"There, now, Mary," said one of the party, "drop your oar and let the boat glide itself down the river to town. A valuable cargo, is it not, to set on shore? Plenty of customers we shall find——." She was interrupted in her merry talk by a shriek at the other end of the bark, where two of the girls were sitting. On looking round, the girls had just time to see the form of one of the party sink beneath the bosom of the water. Susan Howard and another were sitting together engaged in low conversation.

"Ellen, why do you seem so very sad to-day? I know you are gloomy enough; you have enough to make you sorrowful; but why are you so cheerless to-day?" "Susan," replied the other as she played involuntarily with a miniature which she held in her hand, "Susan, it was just two years ago, this evening, when Harry Huger placed this miniature round my neck. Before another year I believe I shall be no more. I wish you to put this picture on my heart, when in my coffin"—just then it slipped through her hands, she grasped after it, and in doing so lost her balance, and was precipitated into the river.

In a moment every one that was in the boat filled with terror. Mechanically they all looked towards the bank, where a single traveler was slowly wending his way along the road which ran by the bank of the stream. The girls would have called to him, but they were petrified with dismay. It would have been unnecessary, for the movements of the traveler evinced that he had witnessed the unhappy accident. It was the work of a moment, only, for him to turn his horses head, who at a single bound placed himself at the margin of the river. In a moment the rider had dismounted, and plunged into the water, which had closed over the fair form of the girl, who had only for a moment ruffled its calmness as she sunk beneath its broad bosom. A few bours brought the traveler to the very spot where the fair one had fallen; but she was not.—He cast his eye up and down the stream, but could seen nothing of her, and was about to give her up for lost, when lifeless and unconscious she rose right before him. In an instant the traveler had the fair charge in his arms, and was on his way to the shore. He was not long until his burden was safely deposited upon the bank. All the party gathered round the lifely girl as she lay unconscious upon the ground. There was none of all that party but wept, as they cast their eyes upon the pale features of their companion. Even the stranger wiped away the tears, which in floods poured down his cheeks. Susan Howard was soon seated upon the grass, and taking the head of Ellen in her lap, each one strove to call back the spirit of their beloved one. She still held in her grasp the miniature of Harry Huger. After directing the girls to remain where they were, the traveler mounted his steed, and at lightning speed hastened for a physician. A few minutes brought him to the door of Dr. Clarence, to whom he related the circumstance, and directed him to his charger, and hasten to where the drowned lady lay.

When the doctor arrived he found the girl still unconscious. After the application of several restoratives, she was restored to consciousness. Mounting the steed, and taking up the burden before him, he bore her to her father's. It was well enough the stranger concealed the accident from all, save the physician, until Ellen was restored, else had her parents known it, their agony would have been intense, indeed. As it was, the hearts of her fond parents bled as she was laid upon her couch little better than a corpse. She was soon lulled to sleep by the kind and skillful treatment of the physician, and when she awoke next morning, she was able to unite with her parents in their morning devotion. When that family bowed before the throne of God that morning, more sincere gratitude to their God, and more earnest prayers for the benedictions of Heaven upon the head of him who rescued Ellen, never arose from human hearts. After they had ended breakfast, Mr. Legare said, "Now that we have thanked the author of this mercy, it is our duty next to pay the debt of gratitude we owe to the instrument of your rescue, Ellen. I will see him."

All the girls of the party were accordingly waited upon, and inquired of as to who the stranger was. None of them could tell, save that he was a stranger, that he was as noble in his appearance as he was in his conduct that day. Mr. Legare went to the hotel, and learned from the landlord that the traveler was still there, but owing to indisposition was confined to his room; and his directions from the physician were, that he should remain undisturbed. Mr. Legare wrote a very kind note to the stranger, requesting him to call at his home as soon as he was able, eliciting from the landlord a promise to accompany him. The stranger sent a note in reply, stating that he had done nothing but his duty in saving his daughter's life, and therefore deserved nothing for it, but should he remain until the succeeding evening, he might call.

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We ask the reader to follow us in his or her imagination, as we visit another scene. It is laid in a small, but neat and comfortable room. Everything about it depicts comfort and ease. The inhabitants are a young gentleman; who holds in his hand the bony hand of a sick young man, who is stretched upon a couch, and an elderly lady who sits by the pillow, careworn and distressed in her appearance. They are the physician, the dying son, and the ever faithful mother. It is a gloomy picture, and the feeble rays of the candle are fitly suited to the scene. In answer to the inquiry of the mother she has just been told that her son will die in an hour.—But see, he moves—he is awake.

"Mother what a dream!"—and he gasped for breath. "I saw—oh! God—I saw Harry Huger—how like a ghost—he looked—no, no—it was no dream"—and here he ceased for want of breath. "I am dying—mother, bend your ear—I have been a sinner—God has forgiven me I hope—but I can't—but die—yet—no—but now I have it—bring me my trunk—there now—open it"—again his voice sank to less than a whisper—"now get a little bundle—in the corner—wrapped in red paper—that is it—Doctor—if ever you see Harry Huger—give him that—or Ellen Legare—oh! how I have injured them!—Heaven"—he spoke no more, his voice was hushed in death.

After calling in some friends, Doctor Clarence hastened home, amazed at what he saw and heard. Curiosity led him to open the bundle—it contained two letters directed to Ellen Legare—and Richard Claxton had them! But we drop the curtain over Richard Claxton, as the grave conceals his form.

We will transfer the scene once more—this to a parlor in Mr. Leager's house. Night has already spread her sable curtains around, and the room is lighted by a single taper upon the mantle piece. Mr. Legare is seated near the table, gazing upon his daughter, Ellen, who is musing, with her cheek resting upon her sylph-like hand; Mrs. Legare is engaged in sewing. A knock is heard, and before Ellen could conceal the rising emotions of her heart, she thought that this was the stranger, who, the previous day, had rescued her from a watery grave and the welcome was given by her father. In another moment, Harry Huger stood before them! The scene which presented itself we will not attempt to depict. Without lifting his hat, he said:

"It was myself who saved Ellen, yesterday; I may call again—good night."

Before the astonished family could recover from their amazement he was gone. In another moment Dr. Clarence entered. For the sake of their old friend, the family feigned composure, but it was unnecessary. He showed by his conversation that he was not unacquainted with what had transpired. He tarried until a late hour, and before he made revelations which amazed them even more than Harry's appearance that evening. He told them of the cause of Harry's conduct toward Ellen—of the letters he had written—and as evidence produced them—of Richard Claxton's treachery—and of Harry's ignorance of anything, save Ellen's apparent treatment. The next evening witnessed a happy scene at Mr. Legare's—the union of cords of Friendship and love, which had been broken, and as Harry supposed, never again to be united. But may we not look in upon Harry and Ellen, as side by side they sit, happy again, in each other's love? May we not listen to their voice as again their vow is plighted? Oh! may we not read in each eye the joy as they are lit up with the beams of love? No, we must not enter there. And here we intend our story shall end. But stop, says one, did Harry move away? No. Well, what of Ellen? Nothing more than there was a wedding at Mr. Legare's and she was the bride.

"Mother's Grave."

"How still it is." The wind frills up the long summer grass, and rustles the swaying willows under which I am standing, just as softly as that other breeze that wafts up the years that lie in the shadow of the past, and stirs up my heart, with the old memories it brings with it.

Twelve years ago I sat just as I do now. I am greatly changed, but all around me is the same. The far off hills with their blue misty tops, half wreathed in the folds of white clouds—the green medows with the country sunshine, flashing like sweet thoughts all about them, and nearer the old grey stone and the cool water splashing down softly on the white pebbles. I remember all.

"Mother!" I need not whisper the name so low; for there is none to hear me but the birds on the tops of the willows, and it will not disturb her slumber. No, no, though I sit here with one arm wrapped closely round the grave, where the tears of manhood are dropping thick and fast, as the tears of my childhood dropped on her bosom; I know she will not waken.

I remember it as though it had all happened this morning—how her cool soft fingers used to drop like snow flakes on my hair, and her lips murmur sweet blessings over me with every night fall. Oh! I am a rich man now! The dews of night fall on my broad acres, and the spray of the far Pacific washes the keels of my proud ships: but I would give many a goodly acre, many a treasure that sleeps deep in the hold, to lie down one night under the old garret rafter, with that sweet seraph face bending o'er me with its playful kiss, just as it used to do.

Mother! mother! the dasies of a score of summers have bloomed and fallen above your grave, but your memory slumbers deep and sacred in the heart of your boy still. The memory of your prayers and your counsels have been with him in the long way that his feet have trodden, and he has cause to thank you for this now!

Look over the shining pastions, sainted mother, and see me as I lie here, with my cheeks pillowed in the moist grass. Here only here, casting off all my manhood, I can be a child again, for the world will never know me as you have known me, dearest mother.

We shall know each other up there, too, where the snowy blossoms never wither on the everlasting hills and the autumn never braids its scarlet fringing through the green eternal summers.—Your boy will come to you, and from that land which is far off, we shall go no more out forever. mother.

☞ An anecdote is related of a young preacher at a city church, who had for his text a verse from the parable of the ten virgins, and in the course of his sermon explained—"that in old times it was customary, when the bridegroom and bride were coming, for ten virgins to go out and meet them, and escort them home, *five of these virgins being males and five females!*"

USURY IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS.—Rural Money-lender—"You want five hundred dollars. Here's the money;—I charge five per cent, a month, and as you want it for a year, that leaves just forty dollars coming to you."

Innocent Borower—"Then, if I wanted it for two years, there'd be something coming to you, eh?"

☞ Punch calls the poem "Nothing to Wear" an invention which *takes off* the ladies' dresses.

The Dark Side.

Have you heard that Miss P. is soon to be married?

"No, but I am glad to hear it! She has waited long enough."

"Mr. L——e the great merchant has failed."

"Ah, indeed! I'll be bound he has lost nothing by his failure. He knows his own interests too well."

"Have you read Mr. M's new work? The presses are praising it daily."

"No wonder! He sent a volume to all the editors, and they can do nothing else than deal out a few puffs."

"Mrs. R—— is a fine looking woman. I think her complexion really beautiful."

"She owes all her beauty to her dress, I assure you. I saw her one day and she was yellow as an orange."

The natural eye must look at objects just as they are presented, but the mental eye is under no such necessity. It possesses the wonderful faculty of turning things over and over just to suit itself. How unwise, then, always to turn up the dark side.

Some people run into this folly in regard to things; others respecting events; and a more guilty class in regard to character and action. The last form of the evil is the worst, and is frequently made familiar by indulgence in others.

An individual first begins to scan the objects around him, marking and magnifying every little defect. If he pluck a rose, he hardly notices its beauty or fragrance, but is wondering roses should have so many thorns.

If he is regaled with delicious fruits, instead of praising their flavor, he wishes they were not so full of stones and seeds. Show him a fine building and he looks on it on purpose to find something wrong—of course he succeeds.

But woe to the individual who has formed this evil habit of looking at earth's pleasant things through the smoky atmosphere of his own bad feelings! It will be sure to lead to similar views of every event, past or future.

The choicest blessings of life may, by persons of querulous disposition, be converted into calamities. When he looks back, it is not to recall happy hours, or dwell on the mournful pleasure which joys departed should excite. His retrospective glance dwells only on the dark passages, the weary path of his journey, and lifts, with unholy hand, the veil of oblivion which time has drawn over the past.

Those who are in the habit of throwing other things in the shade, are very apt to entertain the same dark views of the character and actions of their fellow men. They doubt the affections of their friends; question the motive of every action; they weigh every person and every person is found wanting.

Alas for the community, when it is infested by such dark spirits! There will be tales of scandal, and broken friendships, and ruined characters, and shattered vows and broken hearts!

The habit of looking on the gloomy side may not at first sight seem very criminal; but when we follow it out, and see that it leads, almost certainly, to jealousy, hatred and detraction, we must confess it is an evil tree which brings forth such bitter fruits.

David Hume declared he would rather possess a cheerful disposition, inclined to look on the bright side, than, with a gloomy mind, to be the master of an estate with ten thousand a year. And he was wise in his estimate. It would be better, because more conducive to happiness.

There is no melancholy children, and there need be no dark-souled men and fretful women. We can be happy or at least cheerful if we choose. Keep the heart right, and the feelings will be kind, equable and joyous.

☞ A fellow was invited to a party one evening, where there was music, both vocal and instrumental. On the following morning, he met one of the guests, who said. "Well, how did you enjoy yourself last night? Were not the quartetts excellent?"—Well, really, I cant say, "for I didn't taste them; but the pork chops were the finest I ever ate!"

☞ A lawyer, not over young nor handsome, examining a young lady witness in court, determined to perplex her, and said: "Miss upon my word, you are very pretty." The young lady very promptly replied: "I would return the compliment sir, if I were not on oath."

EXEMPTED.—Printers with nine children are to be exempted from taxation in the State of New York.

Very safe legislation that. We would like to see the *Printer* who had anything to tax, after feeding nine children.

☞ A noble heart will disdain to subsist, like a drone, upon the honey honey gathered by others' labors—like a leech, to filch its food out of the public granary—or like a shark, to prey on the lesser fry; but will, one way or other, earn his subsistence.

☞ "Jim, which can travel the quickest, heat or cold?" "Why, heat, to be sure," replied Jim, "kaze you see, anybody can catch cold." Jim is some.

MELANCHOLY SIGHT.—A shoemaker who has lost his *all* and breathed his *last*.

☞ In courtship, three hard squeezes are a long way ahead of dozens of soft words.

"Died of Thin Shoes."

We have seen it stated in an ephemeral newspaper paragraph, that there is an inscription on a tombstone in a New Jersey grave yard, which runs thus, "——. Died of Thin Shoes," As we do not put implicit confidence in the truth of all the paragraphs it is our privilege to peruse, we are willing to concede that this may be so or not be so. It makes no matter. "Died of thin shoes," might be the honest and veracious epitaph on thousands of tombstones that bear a widely different one. The beautiful and crowded cemeteries, particularly, which are to be found in vicinage of all our American cities, contain scores of victims to thin shoes, lying in their cold unwaking sleep. Our town ladies, as every body understands are considerably more careful about the costliness and elegance, than about the sense or utility of their apparel. We meet them on the public street, arrayed as sumptuously and showily as if they were on the floor of a brilliant ball-room, or at a fashionable and gay assembly.

One feels an irresistible inclination to stare at the bedizened creatures as they sweep rustling by. It is vulgar and rude to stare, but how is one to restrain one's self from having a peep at the fine sights? But the dainty feet of our dashing belles are especially sacrificed on the altar, which, alas, is reared in almost every female heart that beats in this latitude. The day may be a moist and rainy one. The pavement may be covered with water or chequered with puddles, or very damp indeed.—Yet, every little moderately minute, or big foot which is cunningly exposed to the entranced vision of the pedestrians of the other sex, will be enclosed in a delicate gaiter, or slipper, the sole of which is from one sixteenth to one tenth of an inch in thickness! In such flimsy shoes the worse than silly young women tramp around,

"At all hours of the day,
And in all kinds of weather."

They go out to spend the evening, whether at a parlor party or a public entertainment, in gossamer pedal attire, such as there would be some excuse for wearing if they had to tread on nothing but a dry and soft Brussels carpet, and would be exposed to no-fitful draughts of variously tempered air. By-and-by a cold is contracted, which grows heavier and more alarming as it is dallied with and disregarded. Consumption, with all its distresses and terrors follows, and there is one more ebbing life, and one more early grave filled by the victim of thin shoes.

There is no fancy sketching about this. It is a fact which a legion of the sons of St. Crispin could attest that American women and particularly our young ladies, are constantly in the habit of wearing shoes so light, as to be almost instantaneously penetrated with water.—And we verily believe that these miserably thin things are, in a great measure, responsible for the fearful inroads, which are yearly made by that fell destroyer, consumption, upon the ranks of the feminine population of our great cities.—Why can't our ladies imitate their sensible English sisters, and wear stout, substantial wholesome shoes, when they leave the house, even at the risk of never hearing the smothered exclamation, "Heaven! what a foot!" nor the common place compliments of the ball-room, which are bestowsd upon the owners of screwed and pinched, but "tiny, tripping" feet?—*Boston Journal.*

Symtoms of Old Maidism

When a woman begins drinking her tea without sugar—that's a symptom. When a woman begins reading stories in bed—that's a symptom—When she sighs on hearing of a wedding—that's a symptom. When she begins to tell how many offers she has refused—thas's a symptom. When she begins to call men deceitful creatures and says she wouldn't have one for the world—that's a decided symptom. When she changes her shoes every time she comes in after a walk—that's a symptom. When she must have a little dog trotting after her, and when she says a servant girl has no business to have a sweetheart—that's a symptom.

When she begins to rub her fingers over chairs and tables to see if they are dusty—that's a symptom. When she goes to bed with her stockings and flannel nightcap on—that's a symptom.—When she puts her fingers before her mouth when talking, lest you might discover her false teeth—that's a symptom. When she begins to talk of rheumatic pains in the elbows and knees—that's an unfailing symptom. When she begins to talk about the dangers of damp feet, and the necessity of excluding the cold air—that's a symptom.

In short when she becomes a lean, crabbed, snappish, ricketty concern, displaying ckeeks pursed up with wrinkles, and a form as spare as a hamper, instead of rosy plumpness of youth, or the mellow rotundity of matronal expansion—she may be set down as a sure specimen of old maidism.

☞ Men are frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness are not properly drawn until out until you have been a short time in hot water.

☞ A wag says of a certain congregation that they pray on their knees Sundays, and prey on their neighbors the rest of the week.

☞ More tender and more blessed is often the brooding influence of the sacred dead than the words of the living.